



5-1931

May 1931

William Preston Davies

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Tri. May
1/31

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THE SOIL OF THE RED RIVER valley contains considerable alkaline matter, which is not hospitable to certain kinds of plants. Some gardeners have found difficulty in growing the beautiful Regal lilies because of this soil condition. Mrs. Fannie Heath has discovered that treating the soil with vinegar will correct this condition. Her description of the method which she uses has been widely copied in horticultural journals, and for the benefit of others who may wish to grow these plants Mrs. Heath sends a copy for their information. She writes:



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others who may wish to grow these plants Mrs. Heath sends a copy for their information. She writes:

* * *

"I USED A HOME MADE VINEGAR. Usually a by-product of jelly making, by adding a lot of water to the pulp after the juice for jelly had been extracted and allowing this to ferment. This vinegar may also be made at small expense by adding brown sugar to soft water until it is sweet. The more sugar used the stronger the vinegar. I have found this home made vinegar superior to boughten vinegar but the commercial vinegar may be used by adding an equal amount of soft water to the vinegar and then adding it very carefully to the soil and being very careful to not add any after the soil ceases to rise when more is needed. As long as there is alkali there will be tiny frothy little bubbles when more vinegar is added to the dirt. To plant the bulbs I dig a hole six to eight inches deep according to size of bulbs. Add vinegar as above to the soil taken out and also to the bottom of the hole as long as it shows alkali. I then add a cup of

sand to each hole and set the bulb on the sand and pour sand over it until covered and fill the hole with the vinegar treated soil. The top of bulb should be about three inches below the surface. In the fall the bed is mulched with leaves or grass to a depth of about six inches, left on until good weather arrives the next spring.

* * *

"TREATED IN THIS WAY THE Regal lilies have been entirely hardy with me and have shown a wonderful increase in both the number of stalks and number of blossoms to each stem while other bulbs planted in same bed the same time without vinegar gave at most only one bloom the first year and were dead the second year. And those that had only a little vinegar added gave but a single bloom to a single stalk and have continued to give but the single stem and bloom ever since. I found that the addition of a small amount of vinegar about the roots of hardy Phlox that were rusty and yellow looking at once took on a better color and some that were treated in early spring grew three times as tall as the untreated ones and had splendid large clusters of flowers.

* * *

"TRAILING ARBUTUS, AND Wahoo that refused to stay with me before I used vinegar to counteract the alkali are now doing splendidly. Even the water in which beets are cooked if set aside to ferment will make vinegar strong enough for this purpose. The soil under oak trees is rarely ever alkali so most of these plants may be grown without the use of the vinegar. But for those who have had trouble in growing these plants it would be well to try the vinegar. I have had letters from some parties that I told about using the vinegar saying that they too had had fine Regal lily blooms since using the vinegar although they had none before."

* * *

MRS. HEATH ALSO MAKES this contribution to porcupine pore, anent a discussion of those animals which appeared recently in this column:

* * *

"HAVING JUST READ YOUR 'Comments on Porcupines' I will give our findings in the porcupines case as we captured the only one ever seen in this locality about ten years ago and kept it as a pet for almost a year. We found the idea that they can shoot their quills

almost universal. And it is not hard to understand how the idea originated. The porcupine has a stout thick tail well armed with the cruel quills and they slap with their tail with such lightning-like rapidity and such neat precision that it is almost impossible for the eye to see it. It struck my daughter (Mrs. Pearl Frazer), when we were trying to get it in the summer house where we kept it confined and left quite a number of its quills sticking in her fingers as souvenirs. It also left a mouthful of the quills with one of our dogs that got too near. We had both dogs and cats at that time and I am sure that if it had possessed the power of shooting its quills that they would have felt them on numerous occasions. It is possible that if a quill was loose that when they give this quick jerk with the tail that it would be thrown some little distance and in this way the idea could easily have originated. They seemed to realize that their quills were not to be wasted and in all the months that we kept it only once did it strike except when we were housing it. That time it left a fine lot of quills sticking up in the floor of its cage. When it was annoyed it would take on a very suggestive attitude and twitch its tail as much as to say, now you just come a bit closer if you dare.

* * *

"IT GOT REAL TAME AND would come to the wire and take food from our hands and sit on its haunches and talk porcupine to us but none of us ever got into the habit of stroking its fur. It scorned the nice warm box nest we fixed for it and would sit on its perch in the coldest weather. When spring came it got uneasy and whined to get out so we turned it loose and never saw or heard of it again. In spite of our watchfulness people and strange dogs

would sometimes tease it and I am sure that if it had had the power to shoot its quills they would have felt their sting."

—W. P. DAVIES.

May 2 /
Saturday 31

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THE SUPERIOR TELEGRAM runs a correspondence department which it calls the Forum, in which are published letters from those who wish to place their opinions before the public.



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As is usual in such cases the management requests that communications be of reasonable length in order that space may be conserved. Letters are generally kept within the prescribed limit. If they are too long in the first place, the editor shortens them. The other day, however, the editor allowed one of his correspondents to cut loose, regardless of limits, explaining matters in the following paragraph:

* * *

WHILE THE FOLLOWING communication to The Forum by Dr. Reginald D. MacNitt of State Teachers college is longer than average and does not come within lengths prescribed for The Forum, The Telegram editor publishes it with the earnest purpose of permitting Mr. MacNitt to climb up one side of his carcass and down the other. Mr. MacNitt's scholarly attainments are unquestioned, and although some of his generalities about newspapers are slightly exaggerated, this humble scribe gladly publishes his communication for its scientific value. If the editor of the Telegram is to be torn asunder, he could meet no such fate in a happier mood than at the hands of a scholar and a gentleman, such as Dr. MacNitt. To the rack, men.

* * *

THEREUPON THE DOCTOR went to it, to the extent of a couple of columns in defense of intelligence tests, a subject on which he appeared to consider himself an authority, and concerning which other people, newspaper editors in particular, knew nothing at all. The little editorial note quoted above is sufficient reply to the whole two columns of small type.

* * *

ONE DOES NOT USUALLY AS- sociate the building of roads with the science of chemistry. It is a business requiring elbow grease and axle grease, powerful engines and heavy rollers, and all that sort of thing. Tinctures and test tubes do not seem to belong in the picture.

Nevertheless, chemistry plays a very large part in the building of roads. Without that science the cement manufacturer would be helpless, we should know little about the merits of this or that oil or tar for surfacing, nor should we know what to expect of certain soils under certain weather conditions, or why we should expect those things.

* * *

THE CHEMISTS, HAVING IN- vestigated the wearing qualities of various road making materials, they are now seeking a material which, used for surfacing, will be self-illuminating. They are an in- quisitive lot. Their idea is to treat the pavement with a coating which, absorbing light from the sun by day, will give off sufficient light by night to render the use of lamps unnecessary on the trunk highways. The whole road will give off a mild glow, like the il- luminated dial of a watch or clock.

* * *

THE IDEA HAS INTEREST- ing possibilities, not all of which are attractive. If the plan is put into effect one of its first effects will be to drive all petting couples onto the side roads, but that will merely accentuate a present ten- dency. If this sort of illumination can be confined to the roadway it- self it should not prove objection- able. But if it is going to extend far on either side, it ought to be vetoed. One of the comforts of night driving is that one can move along in supreme unconsciousness of the signs which deface the land- scape by day. To have these things brought out of the darkness and flung in his face by night as well as by day would be atrocious.

THE CHILLY WEATHER OF late April has given many of our people the impression that we are having a late spring. We are not. The weather has been very "sea- sonable" as to recent temperatures and the progress of vegetation. We have been thrown out of our reck- oning by the fact that we had prac- tically no winter at all. January and February more nearly resem- bled our usual March and April, and after we have had a couple of months of fine spring weather we look for midsummer. We had ab- normal spring weather during the first two months of the year and normal spring weather in the next two months. The grass and the foliage on the trees are just about as we expect them to be by the first of May. All that is lacking to speed things up is rain.

—W. P. DAVIES.

*Times 5/31
May*

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

LAST YEAR I HAD SOME INTERESTING letters from Dr. J. G. Arneberg, who was then touring the Old World, and whose observa-



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tions on ways of living in Greece, Austria, Egypt and the Scandinavian countries gave pleasure to many readers of this column. Dr. Arneberg has spent the past winter in California, and now he favors me with a letter from that state, accompanied by several photographs of the Luther Burbank home, and of some of the plant developments which Burbank made famous. Dr. Arneberg writes:

* * *
"IT IS INTERESTING TO note that in the last twenty-five years, while man in Europe and North America has been moving southward, maybe the enjoyment of so many conveniences and luxuries has made him soft, and perhaps he dreads the snow and cold of the north.

* * *
"I HOPE, AND I FEEL QUITE sure of this, that in time he will realize his mistake and again move northward. The white man from the north will not be able to maintain his physical energy and mental intelligence under a tropical sun. The heat and monotony will cause his degeneration. Florida and southern California have not been settled long enough to demonstrate this. Time will tell the story.

* * *
"BUT THE PEOPLE WHO have settled here in California, and especially in southern California, sure do advertise their state and its products. I do wish we people in the middle west would take a lesson from them and perhaps we could learn to carry on as enthusiastic propaganda for our communities and the products we raise.

"The fruit and vegetable growers of California are now and have been for years spreading propaganda by newspapers, by the radio and even from the pulpits of their churches!

* * *
"AFTER YOU HAVE READ and listened for weeks and months to stories about the wonderful vitamins in the California fruits and vegetables you just begin to wonder if perhaps they have not a mortgage on these wonderful vitamins, and how people in other parts of this little world who are of necessity deprived of these wonderful fruits and vegetables have ever been able to grow up and remain alive. But history reveals that men and women did live and grow to be quite sturdy and robust long before California was discovered.

* * *
"I HAVE LISTENED TO RADIO talks in which people were told that men, women and children did not need cereals, milk or butter—that these were not wholesome things to eat. Fruits and vegetables were all that were necessary. Will the wheat and dairy farmer challenge that?

"Since this is the advertising age, including band-wagon parades and Henry's horseless carriage, I suggest that the wheat, cotton, wool and dairy farmers of the Mississippi valley start a 'noisy and snappy' advertising parade of their own before the people of the United States stop eating wheat, drinking milk and wearing wool and cotton. But the farmer should be the first to eat and wear his own products."

* * *
VERY WELL SAID, DOCTOR. There was a time in the history of the Northwest when local products were confined to the cattle of the western ranges and the wheat of the Red river valley. The range chuck-wagon, if it were well supplied, carried canned milk, and no other kind. No cowboy, although he might herd hundreds of cattle, knew anything about milking a cow, and any range cow would have felt it an insult to be milked except by her own offspring. The wheat farmers—those of the bonanza kind—imported their milk and butter, their eggs and their vegetables.

ALL OF THAT HAS BEEN changed. We produce as fine milk and butter as are produced anywhere in the world. We leave the citrus fruits to our southern neighbors, and they produce some classy stuff in these departments, but in small fruits and vegetables, they can't hold a candle to us. Not only do our flowers satisfy the eye with their rich coloring, but they satisfy the nose with their perfume. There is more fragrance in the bloom on a roadside wild rose bush in North Dakota than one can find in a month's travel in southern California or Florida. And the qualities of soil and climate that put fragrance into our flowers put the flavor of real individuality into our small fruits and vegetables. If anyone doubts it, let him try a real Red river valley baked potato or a mess of North Dakota grown asparagus—which reminds me to go out and cut some.

W. P. DAVIES.

Wed. 6/31
May

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

MY APPEAL FOR INFORMATION about the old Arlington-Park hotel has brought results and has saved me the trouble, of digging through old files. Mrs. A. J. Tagley writes:



"I HAVE BEEN LOOKING through the Silver Anniversary edition of The Herald, and I find that the Northwestern hotel was built in 1873 by the Hudson Bay company. Its first location was on the corner of Third street and DeMers avenue, where the Dacotah Pharmacy now stands. Then, Mr. Tagley tells me, in the spring of 1883, the year he came to Grand Forks, the building was moved to somewhere near where the Northern Pacific railway station now stands. Later it was moved to Fifth street and joined to the Park hotel, the combined building being known as the Arlington-Park. Later the "Park" was dropped and the hotel has been known as the Arlington.

"The Silver anniversary number of The Herald, from which some of this information was obtained, was published June 26, 1904."

DR. J. E. ENGSTAD ALSO contributes an item relating to the history of the hotel in the following note:

"DURING THE FALL OF 1893 and early part of 1894 the Arlington-Park was vacant. At the height of the typhoid epidemic it was rented by Mrs. Ward, a prac-

tical nurse, who hastily converted the hotel into an emergency hospital. At one time this temporary shelter housed about 50 patients. One of the last, if not the last, afflicted with this malignant type of typhoid was Mrs. Ward herself, who finally succumbed to the disease in the early part of the summer of 1894."

THANKS ARE TENDERED TO both correspondents. There must be several people in the city who remember the old Northwestern in its original location, and who recall incidents of its early history and the people who frequented it. Any information of this nature will be welcomed, and I am sure it will be read with interest by those who like to glance back into the history of the early days.

I THINK DR. ENGSTAD HAS unconsciously used the name "Arlington-Park" when he intended to refer to the "Park" hotel. My recollection is that the Arlington—the old Northwestern—was not moved to the Fifth street site until several years after the fever epidemic.

I REMEMBER THE OLD HOTEL as the Windsor, and on occasional visits to Grand Forks in the eighties I took meals there. On one such occasion I was accompanied by a German friend who read German, spoke broken English, but could read no English. The young lady who waited on our table approached to take our orders, and handed Fritz a menu card made by a duplicating process then common. Fritz took the card, examined it attentively, and handed it back with a wave of his hand, saying "Yust bring me some good wholesome food." That has always seemed to me the ideal way to order a dinner.

MRS. TAGLEY REFERS TO the Silver anniversary number of The Herald. The particular issue to which she refers is a magazine which accompanied the twenty-fifth anniversary number of the paper and formed part of that day's output. I have some very distinct recollections of that magazine, for it was a part of my job to see that it was got out on time. Mr. Tagley set a good deal of the type on it. Much of the material in the magazine was compiled by W. L. Dudley, as industrious and affable a chap as ever lived, but who had little conception of the flight of time. The publication contains historical material which it would be difficult to replace now. In the confusion of remodeling editorial rooms a few years ago the one copy of this

magazine which The Herald had on file disappeared, and my personal copy also turned up missing. Very often I wish to refer to it. If anyone has a copy that he wishes to trade for a dollar bill I will be glad to make the exchange. And if I ever get hold of another copy I shall lock it up.

I HAVE JUST THOUGHT OF A yarn which will complete this installment. A prisoner who was undoubtedly guilty, and whose counsel knew it, had been tried. The evidence against him was conclusive. The prisoner's counsel had tried unavailingly to shake it or lessen its force. Counsel had made their pleas, and the jury had been charged and retired. The lawyer said to his client, "Jim, I've done my very best for you. All I can see now is for you to pray for a miscarriage of justice."

W. P. DAVIES.

Thurs. 4
May

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

A FRIEND OF MINE ASKS ME to "write another article about dogs." She recalls something that



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I wrote last year about dogs running at large, and she thinks that a repetition, or re-emphasis, or something of that sort may be helpful now. My friend does quite a bit of home gardening. She raises quantities of vegetables, and, when the fates are kind, her grounds are gay during the summer with many-colored flowers. The dogs of the neighborhood, however, do not seem to appreciate her effort further than to use the finely pulverized soil of her garden for scratching purposes. And how they do make the dirt fly! The fact that the ground has been newly planted does not interfere at all with the exercise of the dogs. Last spring, at one time, rows of young plants were getting a fine start when, within a few hours everything was destroyed. The ground had to be replanted and there was a loss of several weeks.

WHY DOESN'T SHE HAVE her lot fenced? some one may ask. She has. She has the entire property surrounded by a fence that would be absolute proof against horses, cows and hogs. It will not turn dogs. The big ones leap over it and the little ones slip in when the gate is left open, as it is occasionally, and then there is the very mischief to pay. She can't very well stand guard over the premises, so I suppose she has

to take it out in whatever is the feminine substitute for cussing. Women are greatly handicapped that way.

EVERYONE WHO TRIES TO do a little gardening has a somewhat similar experience. Where I live all the dogs go to school every morning. I think they have a sort of parent-teachers' association of their own. Each morning they accompany the boys and girls of their respective families to school, and for an hour or two they play games on the school lot and around the neighborhood. They are of all sizes, colors and ancestry. They are a playful lot, full of fun and devoid of malice. It is interesting to watch them, but the pleasure is dimmed if one happens to have a garden. I intend, if all goes well, to have some flowers in beds close to the house. The soil is fine and mellow, just right for tiny seeds and seedling plants. Also, the dogs have discovered that it is good scratching ground. They have dug great holes in it, and if there had been anything growing there it would have been uprooted. If I am to have any flowers there I must protect the beds with inconvenient and unsightly obstacles to keep the dogs off. I shall probably manage to grow some plants, but it's going to be an uphill job. By their unsanitary practices the dogs have also ruined the lower branches of some little evergreens of which I think quite highly.

WHY SHOULD A DOG BE turned loose and not a cow? In certain circumstances the dog is the more destructive. I like dogs—some of them. But I don't want any dog turned loose in my garden, and in this respect I have as great an objection to the pedigreed dog as to his plebeian cousin. The aristocratic dog can and will scratch just as hard as the other kind.

I AM A FAIRLY PATIENT person, but there is one statement which I have heard often which arouses in me violent wrath. It runs like this: "If my dog injures anybody all that person has to do is to tell me about it and I'll pay for all the damage he has done." Pay! How can one pay for a flower on which weeks of care has been lavished? How can one pay for that which has no value except for its beauty? When one talks of paying for the intangibles which brighten life, although they do not put money in one's purse there is no answer save such as is barred by our statutes against homicide and assault and battery.

I DON'T WANT THIS TO BE altogether a wail. My tulips bloomed quite early because of their position. They are very ordinary tulips, but they made a gay showing of crimson, pink, yellow and orchid. They are less than twenty feet from the sidewalk, where school children pass several times a day. The youngsters have seemed to like the flowers. They would stand and gaze at them, point to them and talk about them. But not one of them has been touched. They could have been stripped quite easily in a few minutes, and then all their beauty would have been gone. As it is, they have furnished continuous pleasure, not only to their owner, but to the little people who pass by.

W. P. DAVIES.

*Veri. 8
31
May*

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THE FLOOD OF 1882 SET THE mark for high water in the Red river valley up to that time, so far as there are definite and authentic records. There



were rumors of higher flood levels in earlier years, but, as there had been no official zero point established, and such markings as were made were not official, there is no way of determining whether the reports were accurate or not. For some years prior to 1882 official records had been kept, and the flood of that spring surpassed any recorded up to that time. The record of 1882 remained unbroken until 1897, when the river reached the highest level it is known to have touched.

IN EASTERN SOUTH DAKOTA the record flood was in 1881, and, among other things it caused the removal of the entire townsite of Vermillion. I have on my desk a copy of the 71st anniversary number of the Vermillion Republican, published by Lathrop & Townsley. One of the partners J. B. Townsley is a brother of Mrs. H. E. French. Mr. Townsley — please don't confuse it with Townley — visited here last summer, and I obtained from him some interesting information concerning the early history of his part of what was once Dakota territory. The present anniversary number contains additional information, some of which bears also on the history of North Dakota. I shall probably draw on

it quite liberally as opportunity serves.

VERMILLION IS SITUATED at the junction of the Vermillion river with the Missouri, and the original town and established on bottom lands almost surrounded by steep bluffs. The winter of 1880-81 had been a severe one, with much snow, and when the spring thaw came great ice gorges were formed at various points along the Missouri. One of these formed just below Vermillion, and the breaking of gorges up-stream brought down water in tremendous quantities. The town site was covered many feet deep, and more than 100 buildings were swept down stream. The following paragraphs are taken from the Republican's account of the flood:

"WORD CAME FROM UP THE river that gorge after gorge had formed and that the river had risen from ten to twenty feet above them. The gorge at the mouth of the Jim river broke and water and ice poured over the ten mile bottom above Vermillion, only to gorge again near the island below Vermillion. The angry waters rose rapidly and filled the streets. Before all could escape to the bluffs the water on the north side of the town along the bluffs had risen to the depth of three feet. The water had risen so rapidly that many of the people did not have time to reach the bluff. In the darkness and with the grinding of the ice an ominous note in their ears, the rescue work of those who had not escaped began. Some, however, believed that the rise would not amount to much and merely moved to the upper story of their homes.

"BY MORNING THE WATER had gone down somewhat. The west part of the town was still covered with three feet of water. Monday afternoon the water there rose a foot, but the east half of the town was clear of water. The water gained very slowly Tuesday and Wednesday, but in the evening of the latter day it rose rapidly and Thursday morning the entire town was covered. The water continued to rise that morning until it covered the highest point of the town to the depth of three or four feet. The ice in the river began to move, and by the middle of the morning the entire river was bobbing ice.

"ACCORDING TO THE OLD accounts the buildings began to move that same morning. The first to be washed away was Butler's photograph gallery. It went to pieces before it reached the river.

That was the beginning of the procession. During the remainder of the day and the night forty buildings left their moorings, starting out slowly and sedately like full sailed ships leaving port. Once loose from their foundations they gathered speed and were jostled and bumped about by the huge cakes of ice. They did not last long but with a creaking and splintering were dashed to pieces and strewed over the ice gorge.

TO MAKE CONDITIONS worse a blizzard blew all that day, making it impossible to row a boat against the fierce, howling northwest wind. About a dozen persons, including a woman and two children, slept in the Bank block the night before and were caught by the quick rise. Notwithstanding the danger of ice, and the blizzardy wind, boats were sent over during the day from the bluffs to rescue them. Some of them were brought safely to the shore. The others were rescued the next day, Friday.

THE BLIZZARD EVIDENTLY subsided the next day, for effort was made to salvage some of the wreckage strewed on the gorged ice. Plundering, as in every catastrophe, went on, and the account says no effort was made to stop the plunderers. The water remained about the same for the next six days. The blizzard and cold weather had temporarily halted the melting snow and flooding water. Those six days were spent in moving property from the residences that had escaped the flood. Every boat in the city was brought into use. Everyone that had any property in the doomed town was busily engaged in boating it to the shore, while hundreds gathered on the bluffs and watched the whirling, eddying waters.

Add that reminds me friday BUT THE HIGH POINT OF

Sat. May
9/21

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER, with appreciative criticisms of Maxwell Anderson's new play, "Elizabeth the Queen," by Chicago



Davies

writers, has just been received from William C. Whitford of Chicago:

"I AM SENDING you the enclosed clipping with the thought that they may be of interest to you, inasmuch, if memory serves me rightly, Max Anderson was connected with The Herald while a student at the University of North Dakota. I saw the play "Elizabeth the Queen," and it richly describes all that the reviewers have said about it. I found it a play full of poetry and beauty, admirable in its technical construction, vivid in its character portrayal, and its outcome inevitable. It takes the universal values of love, power, ambition and death, and fuses them into a work which has something of durability in it.

"I AM A CONSISTENT READER of your column. An item a few weeks ago on music prompts me to write concerning my experience as a symphony "goer" since coming to Chicago six years ago. What I have reference to is the astonishing memory of the conductor of the Chicago Civic orchestra, Frederick Stock. Time after time I have seen him conduct concerts without a leaf of music on his study stand. As a rather typical program that of the final concert of

the 40th season may be given:

Overture, "Le Carnaval Romaine" Bulioz
Symphony No. 1 C Minor Opus 68 Brahms
"The Waltz," a choreographic poem Ravel
Finale from "Die Gotterdammerung" Wagner

"WITH THE "RIDE OF THE Valkyries "Die Walkure" by the same composer all of this program was conducted from memory — quite a feat, I should say.

"I TRACE MY ENJOYMENT of great orchestral music to the time when, as a young undergraduate at the University of North Dakota, I was fortunate enough to hear Emil Oberhoffer with the Minneapolis Symphony. Those rare occasions, and the work of Professor Lampert, of Wesley college, in his Sunday afternoon concerts, and later W. W. Norton, gave me a little taste of what real music is.

TO ME, TO LISTEN TO A Beethoven Fifth Symphony, a Bach Fugue, or a tone poem by Richard Strauss is akin in its emotional effects to seeing one of Shakespeare's tragedies, or the Grand Canyon from Point Sublime on the North River. It is something that defies expression by a material yardstick.

"I HOPE THAT THE CITIZENS of Grand Forks will continue to support these musical undertakings, which sometime may be the way for some other youngster's introduction to some of life's richest experiences."

MR. WHITFORD'S LETTER IS especially welcome just at this time, because, entirely unsolicited, it will serve to remind Grand Forks people of the opportunity which they have, by attending the concert by the Cossack chorus next Tuesday evening, not only to enjoy an evening of exceptionally fine music, but to help to establish on a sure foundation the work that is being done by the Grand Forks Community Music association. Mr. Whitford traces his present interest in music to the opportunities afforded him through local enterprise to hear good music in his early and very impressionable years. He is but one of many whose lives have been broadened and enriched in like manner and from precisely the same causes. The Community association is carrying this work on, making more pleasant the ways of the present, and building for the greater happiness of other generations.

MAXWELL ANDERSON'S play, "Elizabeth the Queen," has been playing all this week at the Lyceum theatre, Minneapolis, under the auspices of the Theatre Guild. Comment on the production has been very favorable. Mr. Whitford's recollection of Maxwell Anderson as an occasional member of The Herald staff is correct. Twenty-odd years ago he took care of the university correspondence for us, and also did occasional vacation work. Even then he showed decided talent for the literary work which has since made him famous. He became engaged to, and later married Miss Haskett, a fellow student, whose brother John edited telegraph copy for The Herald. Mrs. Anderson died only recently.

I SENT OUT A CALL THE other day for a copy of The Herald's Silver Anniversary magazine, and I have just received a copy from Mrs. W. A. Hefron of Michigan City, to whom I am sending the promised dollar, with thanks for her consideration and promptness. Others who may have thought of sending copies will please refrain, as one copy is enough, and I am out of dollars.

W. P. DAVIES.

Tuesday

May 12

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

"YOUR ARTICLE ON DOGS is very good," writes a local citizen, "but it will not do any good. People who let their dogs run loose do not care anything about other

folks' gardens, flower beds or evergreen trees. It has been pointed out repeatedly that dogs have no more right to run at large than cows or other animals, yet we do not seem to be getting anywhere in correcting this evil. "Do we need a higher dog tax? Do we need a special ordinance prohibiting

Davies

dogs at large? Whatever we need along this line, let's get it. Grand Forks is away behind Fargo Crookston and even smaller towns in the regulation of this important matter. Please keep on agitating the question, and let us get some results."

I HAD AN ADVENTURE WITH a dog the other day. It was after noon. The folks were away, and I was alone in the house, pounding my typewriter in the corner seat apart for that purpose. I heard a sound as of someone entering. There was nothing further for a moment, and I thought the sound must have been outside. Presently there were other faint sounds, as of someone moving about. I paid no attention. People are always coming and going. There are store and mail deliveries, meter men and so on, and I just kept on at my job. Presently it dawned on me that I had been hearing slight sounds quite regularly for some time, and it was evident that they came from within the house. I thought I might as well investi-

gate. I found a big black dog lying comfortably on the dining room rug making himself quite at home. Somebody had thrown a circular onto the porch, and, as usual, had left the door open. The dog had just walked in, making his quiet tour of inspection and selected a place to rest.

I AM ALWAYS COURTEOUS TO strange dogs when they are near by. I gave this one my most affable air. I wanted him to go, but I did not like to offend him. I assured him that he was a good dog, which I hope was the truth, but it interested him only mildly. He regarded me, I thought, with some suspicion, and just lay there, eyeing me. Again I spoke kindly to him, and this time he thumped his tail on the floor. Cautiously I patted him, which he seemed to enjoy. Then I went to the door and whistled and invited him to "Come on." There was nothing doing.

FOR A LONG TIME I TRIED to coax that dog to the door. He would follow me around the room timidly, but not in the direction of the door. When I went in that direction he would lie down. Something had to be done, so I just got behind him and said, firmly, "We've had enough of this foolishness. Get out."

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH language dogs understand, but this one understood tones of voice. All the time while I had been coaxing and praising and cajoling, he knew that I was insincere and felt that he could continue to impose on my hospitality. But when I adopted a different tone he detected the ring of sincerity, and he was out of doors in just no time at all. I felt as chesty as Andy did when Amos told the cook where to get off. There's nothing like just telling 'em.

IT'S CURIOUS WHAT FROST will and will not do. Sometimes a few degrees of frost will shrivel and blacken everything, and here last week everything was frozen solid at least twice, and much of the vegetation shows no effects whatever. Peony shoots that were more than a foot high, and thickly budded were so brittle that they would have snapped with any attempt at bending. Afterward they were limp, but now they are erect and vigorous, with all the leaves and buds apparently in good condition.

SOME OF THE LILACS HAVE been badly hurt, while others show no injury at all. In one short lilac hedge running north and south the leaves and buds toward the north end show no sign of having been touched, while those toward the south, which were much better sheltered, some of the leaves are shriveled and the buds seem as if they may have been damaged. Undoubtedly the cool weather following the frost has prevented a great deal of damage, and the cold rain was the best thing that could have happened.

TWO MEN IN THE BARBER shop were discussing dogs and gardens. Smith said that any dog that tore up a garden ought to be shot. "I'd like to see the fellow that would shoot a dog of mine," said Jones. "If your dog gets in my garden," said Smith, "he'll get a dose of shot if I can hit him." "I can lick any man that shoots my dog," said Jones. "Hey!" cried the barber; "cut it out. If you fellows want to fight, go out in the alley. Where's your garden, Smith? You've always lived in a flat ever since I knew you."

Smith admitted, rather shamefacedly, that he had no garden, at present. "And what sort of a dog is yours, Jones? I never knew you had one."

"Gosh!" said Jones, "I haven't owned a dog in forty years, but it's the principle of the thing."

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

A YEAR AGO, IN SEVERAL articles in this column, I mentioned some of the experiences of Warren and Will Smith along the old Fort Totten trail.



Warren Smith was the first mail carrier over the route between Grand Forks and Fort Totten, and had assisted in laying out the route. For several years Mr. Smith has lived at Bottineau, N. D., and last month he and Mrs. Smith celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. The article in the Bottineau Courant following the celebration contains many references to incidents in the early history of the eastern section of the state that the major portion of it is quoted herewith:

"Fifty years ago on April 12, Mr. and Mrs. Warren T. Smith of Bottineau, two of the state's pioneers solemnized their wedding vows in the presence of Rev. Koffman at Grand Forks. Last Sunday, with their family and a few old friends and neighbors they celebrated at their home the fiftieth anniversary of this occasion.

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cattle that the government was sending to Ft. Seward to provide food for the soldiers. The boy returned home but soon came back to become a soldier at Ft. Seward, the original site of Jamestown. This was a natural thing for the boy to do as his father and grandfather were soldiers before him. Mr. Smith shows with justifiable pride the government record of his father in the Civil war. The senior Smith fought through the entire Civil war engaged in thirty-six of the biggest battles and an account is related in which his remarkable courage was displayed. While in the midst of a battle a bullet struck him shattering his left clavical, but unwaveringly he stuck to his station and while his wound was being dressed continued to issue orders to his men.

"YOUNG WARREN SOLDIERED at Fort Seward for several years and some time later at Ft. Totten. But in 1879 he left Ft. Seward to drive the first stage between Grand Forks and Fort Totten and which was owned and operated by Senator R. N. Roach. The round trip covered 220 miles, it taking the driver two days to make each half of the route. During the summer, Mr. Smith drove with horses but in the winter he traveled with a sled and a train of Eskimo huskies sent down from Fort Gary. Winters used to be "cold" then, Mr. Smith says and to keep from freezing he would jump off his sled and run with his dogs, always keeping a leather thong tied to a ring in his belt and to the sled so that his dogs could never get away from him. The trip was a lonely one, there being only an occasional passenger as the primary purpose of the stage was to carry the mail. When asked if his life was endangered by Indians, Mr. Smith chuckled and replied that he never told much about his experiences with them but he did have some pretty narrow escapes. He considered the gravest dangers he faced were the storms that swept the unbroken expanse of prairie. He never knew when he would be caught miles away from shelter and frozen to death.

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pouch a perfectly shaped flint arrowhead, he explained that it was made in this wise: a piece of flint was heated red hot. Then the designer dipped a pointed stick in cold water and with this touched the flint. Each time the stick came in contact with the flint, a chip would break off and finally with much labor the flint would be shaped bit by bit into the desired proportions.

"BUFFALOES WERE STILL roaming the prairies at that time and Mr. Smith says that he even bagged some. These animals were a valuable source of food and Mr. Smith's version of how pemmican, dried buffalo meat, was prepared is slightly different from the story commonly related in histories. He says the animals were skinned and cut up and all parts of the meat, sometimes including the brain would be thrown in, along with the bones and marrow into a large iron kettle and heated. When cooked sufficiently, a hole was dug in the ground and the skin fitted into it. Next the boiling mass would be poured into the pouch formed by the hide, and the edges of the hide drawn together to form a ball and sewed with the sinews of the animal. This ball was then drawn out of the hole and left in the sun to dry, it being rolled constantly to insure uniform drying throughout. In time the meat was ready, the ball opened and the desired amount of pemmican sliced off and salted. The narrator said this was an excellent food to take along when he drove over his stage route because a little of it went a long way. The meat was in a highly concentrated form and was effective on the same principle as dried apples. Dried apples swell when put into water—likewise pemmican would increase in volume when water was added, only in the case of the meat the water would be added after eating instead of before.

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"THEIR UNION HAS BEEN blessed with twelve children, six of whom are living: Mrs. Andrew Orchard, Devils Lake; Clifford, Bottineau; Winthrop, Dunseith; Phoebe and Hazel, Bottineau; and Mrs. Mike Christ, Chicago, Ill. A son, Elwood, a World war veteran, died last July. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have 19 grandchildren."

—W. P. DAVIES.

Thurs. 14
May

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That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

IN WRITING A YEAR AGO about the "petrified man," concerning whom, or which, there was a mild sensation throughout the Northwest thirty years ago, I made mention of the Cardiff Giant, a more famous humbug, which was the marvel of an earlier generation. Edmund Pearson has been digging into the history of the Cardiff giant, and writes about the fake as follows in "Vanity Fair:"



"Seventy years ago a quiet, inoffensive farmer living in Cardiff, N. Y., just south of Syracuse, announced to the world that a huge petrified stone giant, ten feet long, had been discovered on his farm in the course of digging for a well. The news of this wonder was published in the newspapers throughout the country. A great controversy broke out among savants. Clergymen found him confirming passages in the Holy Writ. President White of Cornell university rushed to the farm and evolved fine theories of the 'prehistoric man,' which he promptly aired in the newspapers along with the other controversies so common in that generation.

"MENWHILE, THE FARMER, Mr. W. M. Newell, pitched a tent over the stone giant, which reclined in a cramped position as though the man had died in agony, and charged an admission fee of half a dollar to view this wonder. But the farm was quite a way from the big cities, so the stone mummy, weighing 3,000 pounds started on a grand exhibition tour, taking in New York, Boston, Albany, and

many other smaller cities. When first shown in Syracuse, the railroad ran special trains daily to care for the crowds. Dr. Hall, the state geologist, and a number of other scientists, endorsed the stone giant as the real thing, and with these credentials, an income equivalent to seven per cent on three million dollars rolled in. Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale university, was a lone dissenter in the ranks of the scientists, says this writer in 'Vanity Fair,' and 'bluntly said that the giant was modern origin and an obvious humbug.'

"AFTER THE GIANT HAD brought in a fortune, it was brought out that Newell and his brother-in-law carved the figure from limestone, a process which took several years of spare time, buried it, and then brought it to light. In the early days of the giant, Barnum tried to buy the giant for his New York museum, and failing to do so, made an imitation giant, which did fairly well, to the great rage of the promoters of the original."

BARNUM COULD BE TRUSTED to make an imitation giant if he could not buy the original. And the imitation would answer all practical purposes, just as his whitewashed elephant served as well as the genuine white elephant which Forepaugh had imported from Japan. Forepaugh's elephant, I believe, was the real thing. I have forgotten by what mysterious devices the press agents said Forepaugh had managed to obtain possession of this sacred animal and to bring it from Siam, where it was an object of veneration, but I think it is conceded that the animal was one of the rare "white" variety, similar, at least, to the sacred beast of Siam.

I SAW THE "WHITE" ELEPHANT when it was on exhibition, and was greatly disappointed. A study of the posters had led me to believe that the animal was of mammoth size and dazzling whiteness. Instead, it was an undersized brute, and instead of white it was a dirty light gray. However, it was decorated with gold lace and spangles, which helped some. Barnum did a better job in whitening his elephant than nature did on the genuine one.

THE STORY HAS OFTEN been told of Barnum's trick to keep people from loafing too long in his museum. Over one of the doors, looking from the inside, he had painted the sign, "To the Exit." Many visitors, not knowing what an exit was, and wishing to see one, passed through the door and found themselves on the street. If they had not finished their inspection of the wonders they had to pay again to get in.

I WONDER IF THERE ARE any dime museums left. Chicago once had a lot of them. They contained oddities of many kinds, electrical devices, and trick arrangements which fooled the innocent and provoked the laughter of bystanders. All of them featured wax works, which were generally awful. I recall one piece called "The Dying Soldier," which showed a soldier dying on the battle field. By his side were his weeping wife and children, who seemed to have got there just in the nick of time. His manly bosom was bare, and in it was a great gash from which blood flowed. The thing had some mechanism in it which caused the chest to rise and fall as in breathing, giving an effect truly horrible. That piece was greatly admired for the moral lesson which it was supposed to teach.

—W. P. DAVIES.

Sat 14/3
May

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY'S eighth annual apple blossom festival has just been held. To most of us, doubtless, mention of the Shenandoah valley carries suggestions



of Civil war days; of the time when the fate of the Union hung on the success or failure of Lee's expedition into Pennsylvania; of his defeat at Gettysburg just across the Potomac from the Shenandoah valley proper; of Sheridan's historic ride from Winchester to turn

Davies defeat into victory; of homes destroyed and farms devastated as the tide of battle surged up and down the valley.

* * *

IN THAT VALLEY SPEARS have almost literally been beaten into pruning hooks, for the valley is now the scene of a great apple-growing industry which has been carefully nurtured and developed for several years. Neglect of orchards almost ruined what was once a promising industry in New York, but the Virginia growers seem more nearly to have kept pace with the times.

* * *

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY is said to present a most beautiful sight about this time, with the orchards in full bloom. The valley is beautiful at any time of the year, with its rolling surface and background of mountains. Clothed in the pink of apple bloom it must be an entrancing sight. For several years the people have invited visitors to enjoy this beauty, and have arranged special celebrations while the orchards were in bloom. This year Winchester was the cen-

ter of the celebration, but other gatherings and festivals were held all up and down the valley. Instead of the tramp of armed men bent on destruction there are now heard the sounds of peaceful industry and greetings exchanged between friends as visitors and local residents enjoy one of nature's most beautiful sights.

* * *

AN ORCHARD OF ANY KIND in bloom is a thing of beauty. We read of, and many of our people have enjoyed, the wonderful spectacles presented by the almond groves of California, the apple blossoms of Washington, and the fruit bloom of many other sections where, each spring, nature seems to surpass herself in the creation of visions that delight the eye.

* * *

I RECALL ONE SUCH SCENE in the Niagara peninsula. Near the westward border of that peninsula runs a continuation of the rocky escarpment over which the waters of Niagara plunge a few miles away. There is a precipitous drop from the high, rolling land of the west to the lower ground almost at the level of Lake Ontario. That area, level and fertile, is devoted largely to fruit raising, and in my time much of it was occupied by peach orchards.

* * *

FROM THE EDGE OF THE cliffs, with stubbled, rocky formations at one's feet, one had a view of miles of this orchard and vineyard country, and when the peach trees were in bloom the sight was worth traveling many miles to see. Stretched before one was a great carpet of pink interspersed with the green of pastures and the greens and browns of foliage and freshly cultivated earth, and in the background, miles away the blue waters of Lake Ontario. The memory of such a picture lasts many years.

* * *

WE MISS THE FRUIT ORCHARDS in North Dakota, and perhaps the absence of the great masses of such coloring as are found in many other places makes the occasional specimens which we have all the more attractive. Here and there, sheltered by friendly wind breaks, are found fruit trees in full bloom on farms. In the cities and villages occasional crab apple or other apple trees in full bloom, and later in full fruitage,

contradict the belief that fruit cannot be grown in North Dakota.

* * *

MOST OF OUR NATURAL timber belts, are, or have been bordered with beautiful spring colors. The wild plum blossoms furnish a beautiful white setting for the expanding foliage just beyond. Thornapples present their masses of glistening white. Wild cherry blossoms hang in delicate clusters, and the dogwood and red and black haws add their touches of color. There is a beauty in our forest growth which should be carefully preserved.

* * *

UNFORTUNATELY, THE PLUM thickets are disappearing. Hardy as the trees are, they cannot withstand the rough usage to which they have been subjected. In the process of gathering the fruit branches have been torn off and whole trees have been broken and killed. This destructiveness has not been confined to the fruiting season. It begins in the spring, when the trees are in bloom. Branches full of bloom are ruthlessly torn off, and every spring one may see automobiles loaded with plum blossoms, the loot of an afternoon's outing.

* * *

A PLUM THICKET IN FULL bloom is a thing of beauty, but a branch from a plum tree makes about the least satisfactory decoration that one can imagine. The plum blossoms appear in advance of the foliage, and they last but a short time. A branch loaded with bloom is apt to lose most of its petals before it can be got home, and no amount of soaking will keep the flowers alive more than a few hours. With the delicate petals gone one has left merely a mass of bare, thorny twigs. The ravishing of the thicket has done nobody the slightest good, and it has contributed to the destruction of one of our bits of natural beauty.

—W. P. DAVIES.

Times May
19/31

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

SUNDAY'S HERALD CONTAINED an interesting description of the Grand Forks park system and of its more recent development under



Davies

the supervision of Max Kannowski, superintendent of parks. Many North Dakota cities have public parks, managed by regularly created park commissions, and we have become so accustomed to the park system that it is accepted as one of the usual and ordinary things of life. There is seldom occasion to wonder how this thing got started, or to recall a time when there was nothing of the sort. Yet the public park system in North Dakota is of very recent development.

JUST A LITTLE OVER A quarter of a century ago there was no such thing in North Dakota as a municipal park or a park board or commission. The whole system had its origin in the Grand Forks Commercial club in the very early years of this century. Among the committees of the club at that time was one on forestry. Its functions were not very well defined, but its general purpose was to promote the growth of trees and aid to the extent of its ability in matters pertaining to outdoor embellishment by means of shrubs, flowers, etc.

THE FIRST REAL SERVICE performed by this committee was in connection with the preservation of the growing timber on the east side of the river just opposite Grand Forks. All the land for some distance back from the river had originally been covered with heavy

timber, but little by little most of this had been removed in the laying out of streets and the building of homes and business property. It was learned that the remaining area down to the river was to be stripped. The land was to be used for gardens and the trees for firewood. The prospect of having the river bank opposite the city stripped bare was not attractive, and the club's committee took steps to prevent it. Following negotiations with the then owner of the timber, William Flynn, whereby Mr. Flynn agreed to sell to the Commercial club all the trees for some distance from the stream, enough to provide a screen of foliage during the summer months. The club, on recommendation of the committee, appropriated \$100, the agreed price, and this sum was paid to Mr. Flynn for the trees which now serve as a summer setting for the river at that point. A bill of sale conveying title to the trees was taken.

THE COMMITTEE ALSO INTERESTED itself in the clearing up of what is now Central park, which was then a jungle filled with weeds and underbrush, and which the committee was permitted to use for occasional gatherings, and, in a way, for park purposes. The location of this property, and the possibility that at any time its fine timber growth might be turned into cordwood, made it desirable that the property be acquired by the city for park purposes as early as possible, but there was no law under which this could be done. There was no such thing as a park commission, and the city council had no authority to appropriate money for such a purpose.

THE FORESTRY COMMITTEE interested itself in the subject, and early in 1905 prepared in skeleton form a plan to enable cities to create their own park commissions, with appropriate powers. This plan was put into form for submission to the legislature by Geo. A. Bangs, who was then city attorney, was approved by the Commercial club directors and was sent to the Grand Forks delegation at Bismarck with the request that it be passed if possible. The session was nearly over, but by means of energetic action the bill was passed.

THAT BILL PROVIDED FOR the adoption of the commission plan by the city council and the appointment of five commissioners by the council. According to the terms of the bill the commission

had authority to levy taxes, issue bonds and acquire and maintain property for park purposes. The city council took the necessary action for the creation of a commission and appointed as commissioners Geo. B. Clifford, Joseph Kennedy, M. J. Murphy, Stephen Collins and W. P. Davies.

THE COMMISSION OBTAINED an option on the Gates property, comprising the greater part of what is now Central park, for \$3,000 and undertook to issue bonds by means of which to finance the purchase. In order to establish the validity of the bonds and insure their sale a friendly suit was instituted against the commission asking that the issuance of the bonds be prohibited on account of the alleged unconstitutionality of the park commission law. To the great disappointment of all concerned, the supreme court ruled that the law was unconstitutional in that it attempted to delegate taxing powers to an appointive body. That caused suspension of action until a new law could be enacted, but I see that I shall have to reserve the rest of the story for another day.

W. P. DAVIES.

Continued

May 20/31

See also June 3/31

Ed. May
20
31

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

I LEFT OFF THE ACCOUNT of the beginnings of the Grand Forks park system yesterday with the supreme court decision declaring unconstitutional the first park

commission law on the ground that it attempted to delegate taxing powers to an appointive body. This entailed suspension of action for two years. In the meantime a new bill was framed to meet the objections which had been raised against the former one, and this was passed at the next session

Davies of the legislature. The terms of the new law were substantially like those of the earlier measure except that provision was made for an elective commission. This was adopted by the city council and the same five commissioners were duly elected. George B. Clifford was elected president of the board by his fellow members, and he retained that position until he moved from the city some years later. He devoted himself to the work of the commission with energy and enthusiasm, and the city is greatly indebted to him for the interest which he took in establishing a real park system.

THE FIRST PURCHASE OF real property made by the board was the Gates property, to which was later added the old Dobmeier brewery property, the two now constituting Central park. Because of

its central location it was desired to put this area in shape for use as early as possible, and this was accordingly done. In many places the trees stood too close together, and what were considered the least desirable were removed. The surface was smoothed and seeded and walks and drives were laid out. A small beginning was also made in the planting of shrubbery. A band stand and rest room were added, and the little park at once became a popular place to visit.

THE ACQUISITION OF THE Lincoln park property entailed negotiations lasting a good many months. Several years before the park commission was created there had been organized the city's first golf club. The links and little club building were on University avenue, and these were used for two or three seasons until the Town and Country club was organized, absorbing the old golf club. The Town and Country club leased the Freeman farm just south of the city, built the present club house and laid out and fitted up the golf links. As the park commission got under way the lease of the Town and Country club was approaching expiration, and the club was willing to dispose of its interests.

THE LAND WAS BOUGHT from the owner, son of the original homesteader, and the commission bought from the Town and Country club its buildings and equipment. Further improvements were made by the commission and the golf course was made a municipal course and was operated on that basis for several years. The Freeman property extended only to a point about 400 feet south of Thirteenth avenue. The area between Thirteenth avenue and the Freeman line was acquired later, giving this park an area of about 120 acres.

THE RIVERSIDE PARK PROP-erty was purchased still later, and the bathing pavilion there was built. For some time the commission experimented with a project for a pool to be created by damming up the lower end of the natural depression in front of the pavilion and filling this earth basin with water. The results were not satisfactory, however, and this plan was later abandoned in favor of the construction of the concrete pool.

UNIVERSITY PARK IS THE only piece of park property in the city on which there is no natural timber. The land originally belonged to William Budge, and the twenty acres in the park area had been planted in the very early years with trees, mostly cottonwoods and box elders, set out in straight rows. The purchase was made with the idea that the trees then standing would be of some service for a time, and that other plantings in more attractive form could be started, most of the present trees ultimately being removed. Many other things have occupied the attention of the board, but Mr. Kannooski tells me that there is still in mind the carrying out of this plan.

THE BOARD WAS SUBJECTED to some criticism by citizens who objected to the expenditure of money on so much apparently useless land, while comparatively little was done to improve what had already been purchased. The board's reply to this criticism was that it was trying to provide the city with park area for the next 100 years while the land was cheap and before the timber had been removed. With enough land acquired the work of improvement could proceed year by year as the need developed and as funds became available.

GRAND FORKS WAS THE first city in the state to operate under the park commission law. I believe that Hillsboro was the next to take such action. Presently practically all the larger cities and many of the smaller ones had followed suit, and now nearly all have park commissions and have taken some steps toward the creation of park systems. The law has been modified in several particulars, but its main feature, that of permitting cities to create park commissions which, within certain prescribed limits, shall be independent of other municipal bodies, remains unchanged.

—W. P. DAVIES.

Thurs May
21/31

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

I HAVE JUST BEEN LOOKING over, with much interest, the current issue of the Centralian, the student publication of the Grand Forks High school. The present



Davies

number is unusually interesting because it is issued in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Independent school district of Grand Forks and the starting of the school system which has grown to its present proportions. A striking feature of the publication is the picture which adorns the front page, showing what might at first be taken for the original Floradora sextette. It is true that there are eight young ladies in the picture, instead of six, the number popularly supposed to constitute a sextette, but that does not matter. If all the young—and less young—persons who have declared themselves to have been members of the original Floradora sextette were assembled in one place, no existing auditorium would hold them.

HOWEVER, THE CENTRALIAN's picture is not of stage beauties of a former period, but of eight attractive girls of the present day who are arrayed in gowns and oth-

er finery which might have been their mothers', and in which some of their mothers' friends were arrayed fifty years ago. A mere man is not competent to describe such costumes, but I have no doubt they were considered very attractive in their time. They are not all of exactly the same period, either, for several distinct types of architecture are shown. The young ladies in the picture wore them as gracefully as they could have been worn by their original owners.

ON ONE PAGE IS A PICTURE of P. H. Lehman, for many years principal of the High school, with a trowel in his hand. The text informs us that the trowel is the one which was used in laying the corner stone of the original Central building. It has been the custom, it appears, to have this trowel kept in the custody of the Senior class, and to have it passed on each year from class to class. Last year, for some unknown reason, this was not done. Far be it from me to arouse suspicion recklessly, but duty is duty, and I feel that I must remind the High school people that a trowel is a very handy thing to have around a garden, and that next to teaching school, Mr. Lehman's passion is gardening. Without making any accusations, I suggest that if that trowel turns up missing this year, a careful search be made in Lehman's garden.

ONE ARTICLE ENTITLED "This and That for Thirty Years," by M. Helen Davies, for many years a member of the High school faculty. Presently somebody will say to me "I have just been reading an article in the Centralian by your sister," and I'll say "Yes? Pretty good, isn't it?" permitting the impression of relationship to stand just that way, when, in fact, we are cousins, and not brother and sister. What's the odds, anyway?

MRS. J. H. McNICOL, WHO, IN her school days, was Alice Mullaly, tells of memories of '90. She was a member of the graduating class of that year, a class which contained seven members. This was the fourth class to be graduated, the first class containing two, the second two, and the third four. Mrs. McNicol describes the commence-

ment exercises of those early years which, in spite of the lapse of time, must still seem very near and dear to those who participated in them. I have a very distinct recollection of some of those exercises, for it was part of my job to prepare for publication in the next issue of The Herald condensed versions of the orations given at the exercises, obtaining copies of the orations in advance for this purpose.

IN ANOTHER ARTICLE J. R. McKay, superintendent of buildings and grounds, tells of his experiences since 1906 when he joined the school force as janitor of the Belmont building until, by various stages, he reached his present position. One can imagine the twinkle in his eye as he tells of some of the pranks played in their school days by youths who are now pillars of church and state.

A "REVERIE" BY J. NELSON Kelly, superintendent of schools in Grand Forks for a quarter of a century, touches on the developments of the years, and one's eyes mist a little as the lines quoted in closing the brief article are read:

"I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all, but he, departed."

ANTICIPATING A DEMAND for extra copies of this edition for general distribution, the Centralian management has available extra copies which will be sold while the supply lasts. There are hundreds of persons now living in distant places who were once students in the Grand Forks schools who would prize a copy of this paper. Why not buy a few and send them around?

—W. P. DAVIES.

Friday
May 22

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

I KNOW I WROTE SOMETHING last year about the blizzard of May, 1882, but the recent inclement weather brings fresh recollections of that storm, and, like other



Davies

old-timers, I feel proud of the weather records of early years, and I like to boast that no matter what the weather is now, we had it hotter, or colder, or drier, or wetter, or generally more so, than it is in these interesting days. Accordingly, I repeat some things that I have already written about that storm of just forty-nine years ago. I can't be certain of the date of that storm within a day, but I know that the storm lasted three days, and that May 20 was one of those three days. On the evening of the first of those three days, probably the 19th, our surveying party of eleven made camp on the bank of the Pipestem creek to survey for the firm of Sykes & Hughes, of Jamestown, the site of what was to be the city of Sykeston. The nearest railroad was at Jamestown, perhaps 60 miles southeast, and, so far as I know, there was not a dwelling or any other kind of habitation within at least half that distance.

* * *

THE WEATHER HAD BEEN mild and summery, and we who had been tenting for six weeks or more, and had become accustomed to the outdoor life, had bid farewell to winter and all its accompaniments. We had discarded heavy

clothing, and had been quite comfortable at night with one blanket each. An armful of dry coulee grass spread on the ground made a comfortable bed, and the tent gave us all the shelter that we needed.

* * *

WE ARRIVED AT THE CAMP site in a light drizzling rain, and the teamster who had hauled our outfit up from Jamestown started on his return trip so as to get as far as possible that night. We pitched our tent hurriedly, stowed away our stuff out of the wet, made a sketcy supper, and turned in. We had no grass with which to carpet the tent floor, for everything was wet, so we spread our blankets on the bare ground.

6 6 *

DURING THE NIGHT A heavy rain set in, and before morning this had turned to sleet and then to snow. Tent and guy ropes were coated with ice and creaked and cracked in the strong wind that had begun to blow. The air was full of falling and drifting snow, which soon became piled in drifts of almost winter proportions. There we were, and there we had to stay for three days and nights. There was nothing else to do, and nowhere to go. Fortunately we had plenty of food, so we were in no danger of starving, but most of the stuff had to be eaten cold. We had brought along a little shoot-iron camp stove to use in cooking, and a small armful of wood for fuel. But we couldn't set up the stove in the tent, as it would have smoked us out. Occasionally, during lulls in the storm, we started a little fire in the stove in the lee of the tent and managed to fry a few slices of bacon and melt snow and heat water for tea. For a really tasty meal I can recommend a sandwich made of two large slices of bread with filler made of partly burned and partly raw bacon, washed down with scalding tea. To be thoroughly enjoyed, this should be served in a tent away out on the prairie, miles from anywhere, in a howling blizzard.

* * *

THAT'S ALL THERE WAS TO the storm, so far as we were concerned. We had no casualties, caught no colds, and suffered only temporary inconvenience and discomfort, though it was pretty acute while it lasted. The wind died

down, the clouds disappeared, and the sun shone forth in splendor. Within a day or two the snow had melted and the ground dried, and we had a return of beautiful weather.

* * *

THAT STORM WAS GENERAL throughout the northwest, and where there were settlements, live stock suffered severely. There were not many settlements, however, and there was not much live stock, except on the ranges farther west, where, I believe, the storm was not so severe.

* * *

I HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF what that storm did to vegetation. On land that was broken a good deal of wheat had been sown, although seeding in such parts of the Red river valley as were settled was probably late, as that was the spring of the highest recorded Red river flood up to that time. However, there was nothing in the storm that would injure wheat even if it were just sprouted. There had been no time to fuss with flowers, and I suppose there was not a lilac bush in the state.

* * *

WE HAVE HAD AN ILLUSTRATION this spring of how many tender plants will withstand quite hard frost if the other conditions are right. A few weeks ago we had a freeze which would have stripped the trees of foliage that was just being put forth and ruined almost all other vegetation if it had not been for the snow and rain that accompanied the frost and the cool, cloudy weather that followed it. It is a little early to tell what will be the effect of this week's cold weather, but from present indications it seems probable that no damage will result.

—W. P. DAVIES.

W.P.D.
23/31

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

IN HIS HEALTH ARTICLE the other day Dr. Evans cited the experience of the city of Olean, N. Y., with typhoid.



Davies

BOTH CITIES had epidemics of water-borne, typhoid fever, Grand Forks in 1893-94, and Olean in 1928. In each case the trouble was caused by the injection of sewage-polluted water into the city's supply. In Grand Forks this was caused by the pollution of the whole stream from which the city's supply was taken, and, as the city at that time had no filter or other treatment plant, all impurities passed directly into the mains and service pipes. In Olean the intake main passed across the bed of a river whose water was foul, and a break in this pipe caused impurities to be drawn into the supply.

THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT HAS happened in Grand Forks on two or three occasions in recent years. Water is taken from the Red Lake river some distance from its mouth and is carried across the Red river in a main which lies on the bed of the latter stream. Settlements

and other disturbances have caused breaks in this main, and as the crossing is below several large sewers, impurities were drawn in to the supply.

BOTH CITIES, WHEN THESE breaks occurred, had treatment plants. In Grand Forks the daily inspection which is made revealed the existence of an unusually high percentage of impurities, and steps were taken to neutralize this condition by the temporary use of unusually large quantities of chlorine. This made the water bacterially safe, but imported to it objectionable taste and odor. No typhoid resulted. Olean was less fortunate. For some reason not stated the water was not sufficiently sterilized, and the result was an epidemic of typhoid which is costing the city more than \$1,000,000 in monetary damages assessed by the courts, to say nothing of the injury to the business and reputation of the city.

IT CAN BE SAID FOR GRAND Forks that there has been no negligence in its dealing with its water supply. The notorious typhoid epidemic of the winter of 1903-04 was scarcely over before steps were taken to remedy the conditions, and before the end of 1904 the city had installed and had in operation the first filter plant anywhere in the northwest. In the building and equipment of that plant the most advanced knowledge of that day was applied. As the need developed, and as science made better methods available, these were adopted. The present activity of the city in the reconstruction of its plant is an expression of determination to correct defects as they appear, to prevent their recurrence in so far as that is possible, and to provide for the community in abundance water that is safe, wholesome and palatable.

MENTION OF THE DEVELOP-ment of our waterworks system reminds me that Grand Forks, in addition to installing the first water treatment plant, has pioneered in several other departments. In other articles I have mentioned that this city was the first in the state to operate under the park commission law. It was also the first in the state to pave any of its

streets. It was in 1896 that the first cedar block pavement was laid in the business district of the city, and this inaugurated the era of paving in North Dakota.

IT WAS IN GRAND FORKS, also, that the first airplane was flown and the first airplane passenger was carried. Arch Hoxsey made the flight in 1910, and Frank Kent was his passenger. Tom McGoey also flew at Grand Forks the first North Dakota-owned plane. Grand Forks was also the first city in the state to establish a municipal airport.

AN ITEM WHICH MOST OF us have overlooked is the installation of ornamental street lights. I am not sure in what northwestern city such lights were first installed, but it was in Grand Forks that they were first installed by municipal ordinance and paid for by means of regular taxation under the special improvement law. The installation of our first ornamental lights hung fire for several months. There was a general demand for them in the business district, and it was proposed that each property owner should pay directly for the installation of the post and lamp in front of his own property. Most of the property-owners were willing to do this, but a few were not. Uniformity was considered essential, and the many were not willing to bear the entire cost of an improvement which would be of equal benefit to the few. After long controversy Frank Feetham, then city attorney, looked up the law and concluded that lights could be placed on the same basis with pavement or any other improvement. He prepared an ordinance declaring the lighting improvement necessary and providing in the usual way for a special tax to provide funds for it. This ordinance was adopted, and the city installed the first truly municipal ornamental lighting system.

W. P. DAVIES.

True May
24/3

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THE Credometer, a business men's magazine which had been loaned me by a friend, appears the following



Davies

paragraph credited to a Boston newspaper published over sixty years ago:

* * *

"A man about 46 years of age, giving the name of Joshua Coppersmith, has been arrested in New York for attempting to extort funds from ignorant and superstitious people by exhibiting a device which he says will convey the human voice any distance over metallic wires so that it will be heard by the listener at the other end. He calls the instrument a 'telephone,' which is obviously intended to imitate the word 'telegraph,' and win the confidence of those who know the success of the latter instrument without understanding the principles on which it is based. Well-informed people know that it is impossible to transmit the human voice over wires as may be done with dots and dashes and signals of the Morse code, and that, were it possible to do so, the thing would be of no practical value. The authorities who apprehended the criminal are to be congratulated, and it is to be hoped that his punishment will be prompt and fitting, that it may serve as an example to other conscience-less schemers who enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow-creatures."

* * *

I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW the origin of that paragraph. The name of the paper from which it was taken is not given, but the article is said to have been published something over 60 years ago. That would bring it about 1870, or a little earlier. Bell's telephone first attracted attention at the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. It had just been brought to workable form, and Bell had been working at it quietly for a few years.

* * *

IT IS NOT SURPRISING THAT the people of 1870 should have been ignorant of the principles underlying the telephone, or that some of them should have been credulous enough to invest their money in a fraudulent scheme framed by a rascal who had no knowledge of electricity, acoustics or anything else pertaining to the telephone. There have been gullible people in every age, and a plausible scoundrel has always been reasonably sure of customers.

* * *

IT MAY SEEM SURPRISING, however, that only a few years ago a newspaper published in Boston, the home of culture, and the city from which the telephone was actually to emerge, should proclaim as something not to be questioned that the human voice could not be transmitted by wire, and that if it could the device for transmitting it would be of no value. Yet, that is exactly the estimate that was placed on the telephone in its infancy. Until the emperor of Brazil became interested in Bell's invention, wise men dismissed the thing with amusement as an interesting toy. Bell, pursuing his investigations during vacations at his father's home near my home town, was popularly considered an idler with a slight touch of insanity. Yet his own generation was to see the telephone the basis of one of the world's greatest industries.

* * *

OUR SNOW STORM OF THE other day reminded Mrs. L. G. Chapin of Euclid, Minn., as it had reminded me, of the storm of late May, 1882. Mrs. Chapin writes:

* * *

"IN THE SPRING OF 1882, MAY 25, there was a snowfall here of three inches, which badly damaged garden stuff. This was just before, or just following, a flood at

St. Vincent which held trains as far down the line as Euclid. The passengers soon bought all the food stuffs from the two grocery stores in our little burg, then the women of the town baked bread and biscuits and supplied them. I sold enough baking powder biscuits at 25 cents a dozen to buy me a pair of good shoes, which one could get in those days for two dollars.

* * *

"THAT WAS THE YEAR WE came to Minnesota from southern Michigan, and to say we were not very favorably impressed with our surroundings would be putting it very mildly. We would have gone 'back home' if we had had money enough, but we hadn't; and after 49 years of continuous residence here we are quite satisfied to say our home is in Euclid, Minnesota."

* * *

MRS. CHAPIN'S HUSBAND was Dr. J. S. Chapin, a pioneer physician who, until the time of his death several years ago, ministered to the people for many miles around his home. The storm of May, 1882, was exceptional because of the lateness of the season, but through winter after winter Dr. Chapin braved bitter cold and blinding storms to carry comfort to the suffering. The value of such service is beyond estimate.

W. P. DAVIES.

away, as he has been studying wild life and making notes on it for the past forty or fifty years.

* * *

MR. EASTGATE WRITES that it was in August, 1884, that he saw his first Yellow-leg prairie chicken. Tom Edison, Alf's brother, then a resident of St. Paul and a friend, Ernest Hendricson, also of St. Paul, were hunting on the original Tom Edison farm near Larimore. Hendrickson shot a bird which fell a long way out, and when he picked it up he yelled and began to dance and shouted that he had shot a Yellow-leg. He was born on what is now part of the state fair grounds at St. Paul, and was well acquainted with the birds of the Northwest. Mr. Eastgate says that the Sharp-tail was the native grouse of the prairies in this state, and that the pinnated did not come until wheat was a common crop for their food.

* * *

I HAVE MENTIONED BEFORE the confusion that existed with reference to prairie chickens and their kindred. I spent some time in the Red river valley in 1884, and what we called chickens were very common then. At that time there were many large fields of wheat, as homesteading was well along in the late seventies and some of the bonanza farms were in full swing. The birds which we shot may have been of several varieties, but we called them all chickens.

* * *

I THINK THE SNOWSTORM of May 20 this year established an all-time record in that during it road vehicles were stalled and following it snow plows were got to clear the roads. I have not heard of any locality in the state in which as much snow fell this year as fell in the storm of May 20 and succeeding days in 1882 during which I tented at what was to be the city of Sykeston. But I never heard of any conveyance being stalled during that early storm, and I suppose nothing of the sort occurred, because the vehicles that were used in those days were drawn by horses or oxen, and could negotiate a sizeable drift. There were snow plows, but they were used only on the railroads.

* * *

W. H. SHULZE STARTED FOR Minot in his car on the morning of the storm last week. West of McCanna he struck a regular blizzard, and his car was stalled in the snow

several times. He finally wallowed into Mapes, parked the car in a garage and went by train the rest of the way. He knows of several others who had like experience on that stretch of road, where the snow seems to have been thicker than elsewhere.

* * *

NEXT DAY HE FOUND THAT the plows had been out and the road was clear and in good shape. Of course, if there had been highways, and automobiles, and snow plows in 1882 the story might have been different, but there were none, and 1931 establishes a record.

* * *

THERE ARE FEW PERSONS who have driven cars for many years who have not had occasion to be pulled out by horses or oxen. There are not many oxen left, and I never had a car pulled out by an ox team. Old autoists have told me that for getting a car out of a bad place they greatly prefer oxen because of their steadiness. That seems reasonable to me from my experience with oxen in other sorts of work. Usually we preferred oxen to drag logs or pull stumps. Horses were apt to go at it in a jerky fashion which was just as likely as not to break gear without accomplishing any thing else. But old Buck and Bright took their time to it. When the word of command was given they settled their great shoulders against the yoke, tightened up the chain, and put every ounce of their weight into a long, steady pull. If nothing moved they were not discouraged, but were ready to tackle it again whenever the driver gave the word.

—W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

I HAVE A LETTER FROM Walter E. Spokesfield, of Jamestown, asking for further particulars concerning my experience in surveying in the Jamestown neighborhood and for the name of the surveyor for whom I worked.



Mr. Spokesfield is interested in historical data, and he writes me that at one time he published a book on the history of Wells county. His offer to loan me a copy will be gladly accepted, as I have no doubt that the book contains much that will be of interest to me. In lieu of looking through files, which is slow work, I will inform Mr. Spokesfield for the present that my surveying boss was E. H. Foster, who also ran a little photograph gallery on wheels, and with who I worked on townsite surveys at Jamestown, Pingree, Melville, Sykeston, Newport, Gwynne City, Dawson, Tappen, Spiritwood, Sanborn, Clarke City, and a number of other places that I have forgotten. That was in the summer of 1882. I have published some of this before. As soon as I have time to check up Mr. Spokesfield will hear from me.

* * *

SOME TIME AGO I ASKED for information concerning the arrival of prairie chickens into this part of the Northwest. Alf Eastgate, of Larimore, usually has a lot of information of that kind tucked

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

IT IS NOT PLEASANT TO contemplate the extinction of an animal species, even when that species, in large numbers, is not desirable, especially when its disappearance is due, not to climatic or other natural changes, but to the creation by man of an inhospitable environment. The practical utility of some of the great carnivora is not obvious, yet steps are taken to protect lions, tigers and other beasts of prey from the extinction which would surely be their fate if means were not taken to prevent it. All the more regrettable is the disappearance of birds and animals which have always been friendly, and often useful neighbors.



Davies

SOME OF OUR BIRDS, OF the grouse family, are rapidly diminishing in number, this being due, among other things, according to Mr. Eastgate and some other correspondents, to failure to check the multiplication of the natural enemies of these birds. In the East it appears that there is now only a single survivor of one group of this great family, the heath hen. The last heath hen on earth is also fated to remain the loneliest bachelor on earth, despite pleas of sentimental match-makers for "just any sort of companion" to brighten his old age.

THIS SOLE SURVIVOR OF his race recently proclaimed his existence again to a waiting world of

bird lovers by emerging in good health from his winter hiding on Martha's Vineyard Island, Massachusetts.

BUT NO MATE WAITED TO greet him on the ancestral booming field of his tribe, a meadow near West Tisbury. Nor did he seem to expect one, for he did not boom or strut. He has not gone through his queer courtship antics since the spring of 1929, when, as the only heath hen living, his repeated performances went unnoticed—except by photographers, bird students and curious tourists watching from ambush.

"MANY EARNEST REQUESTS have been received that the last heath hen be given a female prairie chicken or some other near relative as a mate," said Prof. Alfred O. Gross, of Bowdoin college, Maine, who for a number of years has conducted the annual heath hen census for the Massachusetts division of fisheries and game.

"Past experience has proved that this would be useless," he said. "When frantic efforts were being made to save these once extremely numerous New England birds from extinction, after they had disappeared everywhere except on Martha's Vineyard Island, their middle western prairie cousins were introduced in large numbers, but they immediately died off. This family of birds is not adaptable to new or changing environment. For this reason the heath hen's fate can be predicted for the prairie chicken in the not distant future unless protected refuges are established."

ON ITS REAPPEARANCE THIS spring the last heath hen was captured in a net trap, and both legs marked with numbered metal bands. The procedure was a gloomy forecast of the inevitable day when the bird can be expected to slip up in his constant battle against hawks, owls and predatory animals. The identifying bands will then serve conclusive notice that the heath hen has joined five other American birds in extinction.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON exists only as a memory. It seems incredible that a species once so numerous that its habitat covered

the northwestern section of the continent, and whose flights were so dense as to obscure the sun for hours, should have disappeared from the face of the earth within the space of a human lifetime. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

I HAVE NEVER SEEN A flight of passenger pigeons, nor, to my knowledge, have I ever seen a single member of the family. Yet, during my childhood, when I was too young to know anything about it, great flights of these birds were common in southern Ontario. The timber on my grandfather's farm, near a little lake, was one of the favorite roosting places for pigeons in their annual flights. I have heard the neighbors tell of the great clouds of pigeons which literally turned day into twilight, and of their settling in such masses that their weight broke great branches from the trees.

PIGEONS WERE KILLED BY the settlers, not for sport, but for food, and they provided a most welcome supply. The killing of them was plain butchery, for a single charge of shot might easily bring down a dozen birds or more. Shooting, however, was practiced less often than the more primitive method of clubbing, which required no expenditure for powder and shot. The clubbing was done at night after the birds had settled down.

THE MEN OF AN ENTIRE neighborhood would assemble at the roosting place, carrying poles and lanterns. The lanterns being hung where they would give some light, the slaughter would begin. The birds were swept from their perches with the poles, and, apparently stupefied by the noise and confusion and the flickering light of the lanterns, they would flutter helplessly on the ground where they were dispatched by wringing their necks. Several thousand birds might be the result of a single hunt. The birds were skinned and cleaned and salted down in barrels for winter.

PIGEON, STEWED, BROILED,

or made into pie, is very good eating, but one will tire of anything. There is a story about a farmer's wife in the timber country who grew weary of venison and maple sugar and longed for hog meat and store molasses. The wild pigeon meat at the beginning of the season was esteemed a delicacy, but by the time that a barrel or two of it had been consumed it became monotonous.

A few years ago, in Cincinnati, as I remember it. This bird had been kept in captivity for years by a natural history society in the hope that a mate could be found for it and the species preserved. Rewards were offered for another bird, and these were claimed several times. Each time, however, it proved that the owners of what they believed to be genuine passenger pigeons were mistaken, and that their birds were something different. Scientists believe that there is not now a single member of the species living.

—W. P. DAVIES.

Tri 29/1931
May

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

AT THIS SEASON EACH year, provided it is a good year for lilacs, I am reminded of an old poem of which I can remember only these lines:

Go down to Kew in lilac time,
In lilac time, in lilac time;
Go down to Kew in lilac time;
It isn't far from London.

And there you shall go hand in hand
With love in summer's wonder land;
Go down to Kew in lilac time;
It isn't far from London.

* * *

THAT IS A VERY SIMPLE stanza, and one may think there isn't much in it but jingle and repetition, but for some reason it takes hold. It suggests the fragrance and beauty of spring; gardens to which one may escape from the crowded city; youth and maidenhood enjoying an afternoon or an evening off and themselves forming part of what is the beauty of spring, dependent on neither wealth or station, raising democracy from the realm



Davies of materialism to the romance which finds such beautiful expression in lilac bloom.

* * *

PROBABLY I SHALL NEVER visit London. I hope that if, by any chance I should be so fortu-

nate, it may be in lilac time, in which case I shall surely "go down to Kew," prepared to be touched, as the poet was, by the beauty of the gardens. In the meantime, I should be grateful if some reader can send me a complete copy of the poem or give me the author's name. Perhaps I should be familiar with it, but I am not.

* * *

LILAC TIME, I HAVE NO doubt, is beautiful down at Kew. It is also beautiful in Grand Forks. In some ways the lilac is one of our most satisfactory flowers. It is early and fragrant, and in a good year the shrubs are veritable masses of delicate purple. It thrives in this soil and climate, and it is becoming more and more popular. Because of its earliness it sometimes suffers from hard spring frosts, and a hot dry spring is not good for it. This year, in spite of frosts, the lilacs have come through wonderfully. It was feared that the freeze of several weeks ago had finished the buds, but probably because of snow and other moisture and cloudy weather, little damage was done. The display of lilacs this year is one of the best that has been seen in many years.

* * *

I HAD OCCASION RECENTLY to look up something in a reference work, and, as usual, it wasn't there. That particular set of books was given me a good many years ago as an outright present. I was reminded of the incident on reading a yarn in which one of the characters is represented as accepting from a book agent gifts of books, the only requirement being that he pay \$53.75 or some such sum for packing and postage or for supplementary material to be furnished later.

* * *

I NEVER FELL FOR ANY OF those "gift" enterprises but once. In the good old days when we expected to receive visits from at least three book agents a week I was visited by one of the fraternity who had a most generous offer to present. He was not selling anything. His company, he said, had just published a ten-volume reference work of unusual merit which it wished to get into the hands of a few representative persons in each city and to obtain from those persons their unbiased opinion of

the work for use in a latter sales campaign. In some way or other he had discovered that I was a representative person, and he offered to give me a set of the books outright. The company would be pleased if I would examine it and write what I thought about it.

* * *

HE SHOWED ME A LIST OF Grand Forks men who had already subscribed, and his list contained their actual signatures, with several of which I was familiar. The list included some of the best people in town, and I was quite pleased to find that I had been placed in such distinguished company. I signed up. Then it developed that in connection with the books there was a reference service for which the recipients of the books were expected to pay, the total amount, as I recall it, being \$37.00. That seemed fair enough, and I said it would be all right.

* * *

THE BOOKS CAME, ALSO THE bills for monthly payments. After having started to pay I didn't want to quit, so I paid the entire bill. The material in the books is mostly a cheap rehash from older and better works. I never received any of the reference service, perhaps because I never applied for it. I paid \$37.00 for a set of books that I have seen advertised for \$10, and which isn't worth that. There are several Grand Forks private libraries which contain that work, and whose owners fell for the same kind of bunk that I did. I wonder if the other fellows learned their lesson. I learned mine.

—W. P. DAVIES.

More on "Lilac Time"
June 2/31

Sat. May
30/31

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

IN HIS HEALTH ARTICLE the other day Dr. Evans cited the experience of the city of Olean, N. Y., with typhoid.



The case, which is quite recent, has received considerable publicity, and it merits all the attention that can be given to it. It is of peculiar interest in Grand Forks, because some of the facts parallel closely some of those in this city.

* * *

Davies BOTH CITIES had epidemics of water-borne typhoid fever, Grand Forks in 1893-94, and Olean in 1928. In each case the trouble was caused by the injection of sewage-polluted water into the city's supply. In Grand Forks this was caused by the pollution of the whole stream from which the city's supply was taken, and, as the city at that time had no filter or other treatment plant, all impurities passed directly into the mains and service pipes. In Olean the intake main passed across the bed of a river whose water was foul, and a break in this pipe caused impurities to be drawn into the supply.

* * *

THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT HAS happened in Grand Forks on two or three occasions in recent years. Water is taken from the Red Lake river some distance from its mouth, and is carried across the Red river in a main which lies on the bed of the latter stream. Settlement and other disturbances have caused breaks in this main, and as the crossing is below several large sewers, impurities were drawn into the supply.

* * * BOTH CITIES, WHEN THESE breaks occurred, had treatment plants. In Grand Forks the daily inspection which is made revealed the existence of an unusually high percentage of impurities, and steps were taken to neutralize this condition by the temporary use of unusually large quantities of chlorine. This made the water bacterially safe, but imported to it objectionable taste and odor. No typhoid resulted. Olean was less fortunate. For some reason not stated the water was not sufficiently sterilized, and the result was an epidemic of typhoid which is costing the city more than \$1,000,000 in monetary damages assessed by the courts, to say nothing of the injury to the business and reputation of the city.

* * *

IT CAN BE SAID FOR GRAND Forks that there has been no negligence in its dealing with its water supply. The notorious typhoid epidemic of the winter of 1903-04 was scarcely over before steps were taken to remedy the conditions, and before the end of 1904 the city had installed and had in operation the first filter plant anywhere in the northwest. In the building and equipment of that plant the most advanced knowledge of that day was applied. As the need developed, and as science made better methods available, these were adopted. The present activity of the city in the reconstruction of its plant is an expression of determination to correct defects as they appear, to prevent their recurrence in so far as that is possible, and to provide for the community in abundance water that is safe, wholesome and palatable.

* * *

MENTION OF THE DEVELOPMENT of our waterworks system reminds me that Grand Forks, in addition to installing the first water treatment plant, has pioneered in several other departments. In other articles I have mentioned that this city was the first in the state to operate under the park commission law. It was also the first in the state to pave any of its streets. It was in 1896 that the first cedar block pavement was laid in the business district of the city, and this inaugurated the era of paving in North Dakota.

* * *

IT WAS IN GRAND FORKS,

also, that the first airplane was flown and the first airplane passenger was carried. Arch Hoxsey made the flight in 1910, and Frank Kent was his passenger. Tom McGoeys also flew at Grand Forks the first North Dakota-owned plane. Grand Forks was also the first city in the state to establish a municipal airport.

* * *

AN ITEM WHICH MOST OF us have overlooked is the installation of ornamental street lights. I am not sure in what northwestern city such lights were first installed, but it was in Grand Forks that they were first installed by municipal ordinance and paid for by means of regular taxation under the special improvement law. The installation of our first ornamental lights hung fire for several months. There was a general demand for them in the business district, and it was proposed that each property owner should pay directly for the installation of the post and lamp in front of his own property. Most of the property-owners were willing to do this, but a few were not. Uniformity was considered essential, and the many were not willing to bear the entire cost of an improvement which would be of equal benefit to the few. After long controversy Frank Feetham, then city attorney, looked up the law and concluded that lights could be placed on the same basis with pavement or any other improvement. He prepared an ordinance declaring the lighting improvement necessary and providing in the usual way for a special tax to provide funds for it. This ordinance was adopted, and the city installed the first truly municipal ornamental lighting system.

W. P. DAVIES.